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SUSTAINING

UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 88

11:30-12:30 P.M.

NOVEMBER 23, 1933

THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: Quartet: Ranger Song

ANNOUNCER: One of the important resources of our National Forests is the wild game. It is estimated that the National Forests contain nearly a million deer, besides many thousands of antelope, bear, elk, moose, mountain goats and mountain sheep. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers cooperate with the State game wardens in the protection of the game and in the enforcement of the game laws, and in many of the National Forests game refuges have been established where the wild life may increase undisturbed. Game management is therefore part of the Forest Ranger's work. It is gratifying to note that the game census of the National Forests for the past ten years shows an increase in the game population of nearly 40 percent. Many thousands of hunters find sport and recreation in the forests during the annual hunting season and the wildlife furnishes interest and enjoyment to many thousand more who visit the national forests throughout the year.

Up on the Pine Cone District the hunting season is on and there are many hunters in the woods. As we tune in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station we find that hunting is very much the topic of conversation today --

(SOUND: JERRY WHISTLING AND STAMPING ON PORCH: DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: Hello, Mrs. Robbins -

BESS: My, Jerry, that's a step-mother's breath you're letting in there.

JERRY: (SLAMMING THE DOOR) It is turning cold all right.

BESS: I wonder if it's going to storm.

JERRY: I hope it does! I want to go deer hunting tomorrow - I'd like to see a little fresh tracking snow.

BESS: Oh dear! I guess I'm getting old. I didn't use to mind cold weather but I'm getting so I dread to see it come.

JERRY: I wonder if I can get Jim to go hunting with me.

BESS: No indeed you can't - Jim promised me he wouldn't kill a deer this year. They're such beautiful creatures in the woods I hate to see them killed.

JERRY: Well, what does he expect to do with that hunting license he sent for the other day?

BESS: Jerry Quick! Do you mean to tell me Jim bought a hunting license?

JERRY: (LAUGHING) He sure did. I got it for him when I went to town Monday.

BESS: What a man! I suspected something, though when he took down his rifle last night and began sighting down the barrel. I said, "Jim, what are you doing with that gun?" And he said, "Oh, nothing, Bess, nothing at all" - and there he was plotting all the time.

JERRY: (LAUGHS) He was plotting all right. Every time I've been out with him for the past month he's pointed out a place where he'd had some hunting adventure. He showed me the place where he stepped over a log one evening and stepped right onto a big buck lying down.

(BOTH LAUGH)

BESS: You should have seen Jim when he got home that night. He was still jumpy.

JERRY: He swears he rode that deer three full jumps before he lost his seat.

BESS: Well, he did lose his gun in the mix up, though, and he had to go back next morning to find it.

JERRY: Then he showed me where he got that big black-tail trophy over the fire-place. That must've been a big deer.

BESS: Yes - the biggest one he ever killed.

JERRY: Gee! I hope I get a shot at one like that. I want a nice head for the office.

BESS: A head for the office - just something to hang on the wall and gather dust, Jerry - and how much more beautiful they are alive in the woods -

JERRY: Oh, but you don't understand, Mrs. Robbins. It's not just for the head - I wouldn't give ten cents for a trophy I didn't kill myself. -- You know, it's the anticipation and the planning and the hard work scrambling over the hills and through the brush - you pit your endurance and strategy against the deer's cunning, -- see? You're all keyed up for the chance of a shot -- and it comes in a split second -- and you shoot -- and

JIM: (COMING UP) If you don't forget, and yell "Hey! Hey! Hey!"

BESS: JIM ROBBINS!

JIM: (LAUGHS)

BESS: You scared the life out of me.

JIM: You (CHUCKLES) and Jerry were so busy shootin' that deer, I --

JERRY: (REMONSTRATING) Now Jim, you promised you'd never tell -

JIM: No, I didn't. (CHUCKLES) - Bess, it's a good one on Jerry -

JERRY: Aw, shucks -

JIM: It was the first day we hunted last year. You see, Bess, I put Jerry up in the saddle below Pilot Knob and then worked the Jack pine thicket. Ran a nice buck right past him and he never raised his gun - just hollered "Hey! hey! hey!"

(THEY ALL LAUGH HEARTILY)

JERRY: Well, Mrs. Robbins, you see, it was so beautiful I couldn't bear to shoot.

BESS: (DRYLY) Oh, yes, I know -- but Jim, you told me you weren't going to hunt this year.

JIM: Yes, yes, but you see Bess, -- Jerry here (CHUCKLES) he wanted me to coach him up a little so he won't yell "hey" at his next shot.

JERRY: Go ahead! Have a good laugh.

BESS: Never mind, Jerry - if you didn't furnish the excuse someone else would. I know the symptoms. -- Every year when Jim brings home the venison he declares its the last deer he'll ever kill - and every fall when the nights get cold and the leaves begin to fall he begins to fool with that rifle -- oiling it and looking through the barrel -- then I know its working on him.

JERRY: It being the lure of the game trails "when the red gods make their medicine."

JIM: Hold on, Jerry - is that the way it affects you? (CHUCKLES)

BESS: Well, I suppose it's all settled then - you two will want an early breakfast tomorrow.

JIM: I reckon 5:30 will be early enough, Bess.

JERRY: Five thirty! We can't see to shoot before seven o'clock.

JIM: Now look here young fellow, I'm not figuring on running that buck right to your bedside. You'll have to get out and hustle for --

JERRY: Don't worry Jim, I'll be ready before you are -- I've been planning for this hunt ever since last year. I've got a new red cap and my hunting license stowed away in it so I'll sure have it with me -- and I've got a belt full of cartridges and a new hunting knife, all laid away ready, and a pair of binoculars and some sweet chocolate for emergency ration - and a rifle oiled up and sighted so she hits right where I hold 'er at a hundred yeards.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Better not advertise all that in the open, Jerry. If the deer should hear about it they might think "what's the use" and just lie down and die.

JERRY: Well, any way, I'm going to be all ready for the big moment this year.

BESS: Don't let him tease you, Jerry. Seems to me I've known others who made the same preparations.

JIM: Huh? - Well, I see its beginning to snow. Suppose we feed the horses and get in some wood.

JERRY: Okay.

BESS: Oh, by the way, Mary Halloway came and got Buck this afternoon to take a ride, Jim.

JIM: (SERIOUSLY) She did, eh? -- I'm sorry you let her have Buck -- at this time. How long has she been gone?

BESS: Why, Jim - you told her yourself that she could take him any time - to just come and get him when she wanted to ride --

JIM: Yes, I know, but -- which way did she go?

BESS: I didn't notice, -- but I don't understand why --

JIM: Never mind. She'll be back soon, no doubt. -- How about getting the wood, Jerry?

BESS: I think I'll go with you and look for eggs.

(SOUND - DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BESS: The hens have almost quit laying, Jim. I only got two yesterday.

JERRY: That won't keep us in breakfast eggs -- (EXCITED) Hey,
look -- look, Jim! -- It's Mary! --

BESS: Goodness gracious, something has happened! Buck is running away!

(SOUND OF GALLOPING HORSE APPROACHING)

JIM: (SHOUTING) Whoa Buck, whoah!

JERRY: Whoa!

MARY: (OFF, DISTRESSED) Oh, Jerry - grab him! - Quick!

(HORSE COMES TO PRANCING STOP)

JERRY: I got 'im! Mary, for the love of Mike, what's the matter?!

BESS: What has happened, Mary?

MARY: (UP) They tried to kill me --!

JERRY: Who? where?

BESS: Tried to kill you -- why what on earth?

JIM: Whoa! Buck whoa, boy.

MARY: I don't know - they - someone shot at me. The bullets went right past my face. Oh Jer-r-y-

JERRY: Are you hurt, Mary?

BESS: Oh, Mary where?--

MARY: I don't think so. I screamed as loud as I could but they just kept on shooting and Buck ran so fast he nearly threw me off--!

JERRY: Are you sure your not hurt?

MARY: Yes, I guess so.

the first time you will be the last and the
last time you will be the first. You have
been here before and you will be here again.
You have been here before and you will be here again.
You have been here before and you will be here again.

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 45*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 46*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 47*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 48*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 49*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 50*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 51*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 52*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 53*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 54*

—*Walt Whitman, "Song of Myself," 55*

JERRY: How many times did he shoot?

MARY: Three times, I think.-- Oh, Mrs. Robbins, it was terrible.

JIM: (CALMLY) Where did this happen, Mary?

MARY: (WEAKLY) Up the Pilot Knob trail.

JERRY: (ANGRILY) Here, Mrs. Robbins, you take Mary in the house, will you? I'm going up there.

JIM: What're you going to do, son?

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Get my rifle! I'm going to show those fellows they can't pull that kind of stuff around here. I'll make them wish --

JIM: Hold on Jerry, -- better figure this thing out a little --

JERRY: (ANGRY) Hold on nothing! He tried to shoot her, didn't he? I got to get up there before he gets away.

JIM: He didn't try to kill anybody, I reckon. That's the work of a plain boob hunter. He thought he was shooting at a deer -- I never ride Buck in deer season. His winter coat's too near the color of a deer. Yes sir, it's these boob hunters that don't know how to handle a gun. It happens some place in the country every year. It's just rash carelessness and plum inexperienced ignorance that leads to serious accidents.

JERRY: (IMPATIENTLY) Well, can't we do anything about it? Do we just have to take it and like it?

JIM: No - you put Buck in the barn and feed the horses while I get my outfit together. We're starting tonight.

JERRY: Good!

JIM: I think I know where every hunting camp in the district is located. We'll visit everyone of them before morning and inspect their licenses and find the man who did this careless shooting, and give a friendly warning to all the rest.

JERRY: All right, I'll be right with you.

JIM: Mary can stay with you Bess. We won't be home for a day or two. We're going to try to make these woods safe for people and horses.

BESS: Better add cattle too. You remember old Mrs. Watson had her cow killed by a hunter last year.

JIM: Yes and cows too -- And by the way, Jerry - I think I'll pass up that hunting trip of ours --

JERRY: Okay Jim -- me too! I guess I've kinda lost my enthusiasm for this hunt.

THEME FADED FOR BACKGROUND

ANNOUNCER: Yes - every year the hunting season is marked by many fatal accidents when careless hunters shoot before they look. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers therefore urge all hunters to look before they shoot. Be sure you know what you're shooting at. And this year special warnings have been issued to all hunters because of the presence of thousands of Civilian Conservation Corps boys in the woods. It is better to be sure than to be sorry.

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THEME UP AND OUT

